

## [Interview with Vito Cacciola #11]

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INTERVIEW

with

VITO CACCIOLA

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BY

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Morton R. Lovett

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“As well as remembered”

Interview with Vito Cacciola - by Morton R. Lovett

(from memory)

“I wisha you same, thousand times, also happy New Year with plenty job and rebudent health.

“Yes, I keepa that word in my little red book.

He means mucha, very mucha.

“Christmas? That's a time I resta. I getta peace and time to play my guitar and think.

“Sure thing. I have three invitation to de dinner. On Christmas I do the good deed.

“De day before Christmas a bigga boy come my shop. He's sad, no smila. He say, 'Vito dere is no Christmas for me. I'se been kicka out from de home by my olda man.'

“Gaetano, what you do? For long time you have made for you mother do misery. You been rida for de fall.'

“It's de olda man's fault! 'he respond. 'De neighbor tella him that he see me in de pool-room. It's de lie. Some day I breaka de guy's neck.'

“Hole on.' I say. 'You's maka more trouble.

You musta rid you heart of de anger.'

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“Well,’ say Gaetano, ‘my fader ain't goin' to geata me no more. Many time he licka me all right. Now I can knocka Hell outa him. I tella de papa, he toucha me and I blacka his eyes. I putta him in de hospital.’

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‘I maka answer. ‘Gaetano, how you insult your fader so bad? What kind of boy is you? Does you attend to be crooker and getta in de jail?’

“My fader say getta out dis house before I killa you. You's got no home no more. De mudder, she say No! No! tomorrow is Christmas. Now I gotta no home. I hava no Christmas.’

“Gaetano, he's de sad boy, Mr. Lovett. I think perhaps he getta caught de lesson. Maybe he repent. So I say to him, 'Dis a very curious sin. You has mada your bed, but if you promise to give your fader love and respect, perhaps I maka de bed not so hard.

I go talka your papa like as a friend.’

“You do that, Vito, and I giva you much thanks,’ promise Gaetano. ‘I wanta de Christmas and I lova de mama.’

“Sure, I visit de fader. He is glada to see me. He say, ‘Vito, I begga you eat for Christmas at my house.’

‘I say, ‘De honor is mucha repreciated. I glad to come. I wanta see everyones and talka to Gaetano.’

“Ah, Ah! Dat Gaetano. He's live here no more. He's no more my son.’

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“But I reply, ‘I have talka Gaetano. He's mucha sorry. He lova his papa and mama. He's heart is sicka. Give for him another chance. Ifa you do not forgive Gaetano dis once, I no can honor your house with my presence.’

“Yes, dere was what you say, de happy ending.

It was a nica Christmas. Gaetano he's act like a nica boy. Everyone feels joy. I playa de piano and we singa many [songs?].”

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